



Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"How We Get Along"

Yeah, I'm maintaining with Jurassic 5
You know what I'm sayin'
My people's up in here, Biggie B, One Love

What we're about to do and show you is how we get along
We get along with eye contact
We also get along by listenin' to one another
Not only that but we also get along because of rhythms
That we've learned during the course of the years

But above all, there is harmony because we got to listen to one another
It's all about feeling
But with a positive attitude to make it work
And what we're about to show you today
Is FIVE different versions of feeling good, yeaahh

B-Boyd and B-Girls
Jurassic 5!

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"The Influence"

[Zaakir]

Yo, I create off drum drops and ate away blacktops
Grab the mic so you don't react
The double X Polo shirt with the hat to match
In fact, we verbally vibrate your track

[Marc 7even]

Then crush your confidence like plastic condiments
Build you up to break you down like forgotten monuments
The question is this: will they return with the hot shit?
Or keep it on the low flow

[Charli 2na]

Yo, and for you confused bastards, Tuna the blues master
Quick to grib the mic, crews fast and soundclashing
Critical mass, pinnacle blast have been deflected
Hypodermic vocals I flash get you infected

[Akil]

I don't sip on brew, so this Bud's for you
Speak when spoken to whenever you come through
My vibes fill you, Internal Revenue
You rhyme prostitute for little or no loot

[Jurassic 5]

Cause a lotta these kids think that commercial
Is rocking fly suits and jewelry
But we can rock shows with no rehearsal
With the Rebels of Rhythm and Unity

[Zaakir]

Yeah, cause I'm nice, smooth, hard as a bone
Since I pick up the microphone I'm hotter than brimstone
The razor sharp crossbow accurate
We drop the multiverbal miligram suppliment

[Akil]

Plus in bed, theological word advance
Been Too Legit To Quit before the Hammer pants
The parent to the pen converts words to song
Stay blacker than the New Year Harlem Renaissance

[Charli 2na]

No comp, we paint a darker picture, in your sector
Perfect verbal architecture, sparking lectures
Lyrics infectious, fuck your Lexus
If you ain't giving God your praise then it's useless
Like when MC's try to make hits and them shits flop
Running races like they was Penelope Pitstop
Develop these hits rock bottem, the disk jock got 'em
Souped up, but his rhyme is beating his loops up

[Jurassic 5]

Like dah dah (dah dah)
Bah dee dee dee dah dah (Bah dee dee dee dah dah)
Bah dah dah dah dee dee dee dah dah

[Marc 7even]

I can see clearly now, top of the pile with my style
Check the profile, it shifts like sundial
Crisp like young smiles, we rip and run wild
Intent to rock crowds, some bite like rottwilda

[Aki]

Your game is disconnected, misdirected
Disrespected, when we come in, expect some next shit
The J-U-R-A, classical forte
Get low down & dirty like the eel moray

[Zaakir]

My heart pump the rhythm of the militant street life
Soldier of composure up under the street light
The coat style, prototype, professional
Media light shine bright, now kill all the
Bullshit, cheap talk and lip service
Jealousy and envy and undertone cursed in your verses
Serve the purpose of a nigga living nervous
Unsure and uncertain but about to short circuit

[Jurassic 5]

Like dah dah (dah dah)
Bah dee dee dee dah dah (Bah dee dee dee dah dah)
Bah dah dah dah dee dee dee dah dah *[Repeat 2x]*

[Marc 7even]

Ayo my gift of gab should be sold in bags
Boost up the price tag, make a wack rapper mad
Rely on my right side, securing our tape tight
Tasty tangibles to your mandible and clavicle

[Charli 2na]

Yo, easily 2na be, cleverly swelling my treasury

Vocal pedigree for you critics who try to measure me
But easily I'm about to run you down my resume
Had a bundle of struggle from birth to my present day

[Akil]

Yo, your love don't compute, perhaps you need a boost
A magical flute, some nose candy to toot
Before you get loose, express and tear the roof
You claim you got the juice, but you lame and out the loop

[Zaakir]

So I associated myself with fossilized figures
Crack the summer sizzler, hit the real live niggas
My influence is gunshots and trauma units
Street trends, with material word friends

[Jurassic 5]

Like dah dah (dah dah)
Bah dee dee dee dah dah (Bah dee dee dee dah dah)
Bah dah dah dah dee dee dee dah dah *[Repeat 2x]*

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Great Expectations"

[Akil]

Uh, no doubt, it took ten years, for me to pressure cook my fears
 No my front line rhymes moving up from the rear
 My dream slash career appeared ever so clear
 Now I'm able to touch, smell, feel, speak, and hear
 My fans cheer, my time is finally here
 The past depart the present cause the future is near
 Anticipation, magnified my motivation
 Direct my energy to touch nations
 Been entertaining since niggas was really banging
 Dancning at the old folks parties, pancaking
 I've been waiting for my time to shine
 From Catholic school John Muir Jr. High
 From Manuasa to rocking at the Good Life
 We paid the price to keep rhyming and rip shit on the mic
 Yo, cause if you only knew what we been through
 The struggle and the pain to maintain and continue

Expectations, on our committee Unified relations
 We Rebel our Rhythm through tribulations
 And treble and bass the situation with dedication

[Charli 2na]

Yo, go get your ticket, your seats snacks and beverages
While we get wicked all in your brain cracks and crevaces
 Servicing bulletins to you critical puritans
Who be shouting in my vicinity doubting my capability
 (Expect) no defeat, my whole fleet be scorching
 Keep across your vision blurred from heat distortion
 The proportions better than precaution
While we shake the portion fakes are lost in, never flossing
(The antidote for your mood) We sloppy dope and I'm hoping
 What I wrote get you open like a Fallopian tube
 In my crew we include brothers who worthy
 Rebels indeed, J's from LA, I'm from Shahee
Plus never vexed, flipping for Allah cause he blessed us
 With the talent, to make Jurassic your next guest
 Rocking since the '84 Fresh Fest, yes

Great expectations, on our committee Unified relations

 We Rebel our Rhythm through tribulations
 And treble and bass the situation with dedication *[Repeat 2x]*

[Marc 7even]

Ayo my story starts in the NJ state
And gets deep like a movie Bruce and Demi make
I moved to the land of sand and ill earthquakes
I didn't know this was the place I'd get my piece of the cake
Or the piece of the pie, U-N-I-T-Y
Every Thursday night at the Life we kept it tight
That's right, that's where we dwelled and the rhythm rebelled
We a blast from the past like the shotgun shells
No a mocho males with raps about a beer
(Our mission is to persevere) So haters play the rear
We toured the stratesphere from London to the Square
You swear you're prepared to diss what we have here
Indeed time ticks as rapid rhymes rip
Earth and time split in time to find it's
Just another manic Monday, and one day
We'll shine, too, so my crew say

Expectations, on our committee Unified relations
We Rebel our Rhythm through tribulations
And treble and bass the situation with dedication

[Zaakir]

Yo, whether you love to hate it, if it's in or outdated
If I've been overrated or maybe your most favorite
You expect me still to write my verse on time
And I expect you not to front when you hear my rhyme
Don't expect me to smile cause it's in good taste
I know cats that's no mistake smiling in my face
And don't expect to try and guess if I'm mad or not
Or if I'm cold or hot, you would know if not
And don't expect me to come and just bite my tongue
It's kind of hard to forget what some brothers have done
But my mother always said you can forgive and forget
And expect that most promises won't be kept
I guess I gave credit where it wasn't deserved
To brothers must have preferred to not keep their word
The bigger the burden, the bigger the uncertain
No expectation for my creation, great expectation

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Quality Control Intro"

Expectation

Quality

Oh cool, perfect

Is that good?

Quality

Oh cool, perfect

Is that good?

Quality

Quality

Quality

Quality

Quality

Quality

Oh cool, perfect

Is that good?

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Quality Control"

[Jurrasic 5 Together]

Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol
Your mind, body, and soul
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode
Big, bad, and bold b-boys of old
Many styles we hold, let the story be told
Whether platinum or gold, we use breath control
So let the beat unfold, intro on drum roll
We be the Lik like E, Tash, and J-Ro
We harass niggas like we was the po-po
We can rule the world without Kurtis and still Blow
Finesse, from SP to Casio
Your jams ain't def, you ain't fresh, you're so-so
If you don't know us by now you'll never know
You set that mood when we groove and prove a show
The name of the game is survive and prove your flow
You can't out take Jurassic syllable
Cause it's survival of professional radio
Stop and comprehend and heed the words of my pen
Survival of professional poetical Highlanders

[Zaakir]

(Soup, you plan on rocking something fierce?) Oh, am I
Zaakir's the name, the A.K.A. super
The verbal acupuncture from the dope old schooler
I used to be the brother for others that used to dumb on
Now they be the lovers of brothers that can't front on
Put me in the mix, LP 12-inch
SP, the elegant, poetic pestulence
I'm carbonated, the Fanti-confederated
Highly commemorated, and the most celebrated
For connecting it (Word!) Like verb subject to the predicate
Plus I got the etiquette
To keep it moving, and showing cats how it's done
Cause it's the verbal combat, position number one

[Mark 7even]

We keep it beaming like a beacon, if it's clearance that you're seeking
Whether black or Puerto Rican, people back us when we're speaking
We got the kind of rhymes that get you ready for the weekend
(To the mass amount of legions that came for party pleasing)
Our temperature is freezing all kind of different regions
The rhythm is the reason you're checking for what we've done

Please son, our thesis, will rip your crew in pieces
Your rhymes ain't right, homeboy, you ain't in season

[Jurrasic 5 Together]

Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol
Your mind, body, and soul
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode
Big, bad, and bold b-boys of old

[Charlie 2na]

Yo, yo, well it's the angelic man-relic clan repellent
My plan parent manuscripts withstand bullets
Flashing like a Japan tourist, we command pure hits
While you cramming to understand these contraband lyrics
My fam submits to pray, 5 times a day
Climbing into your mind with live rhyme display
J5 finds a way to remain supreme
Coming verbally Hardison as if my name was Kadeem

[Akil]

Ayo my team Dreamworks without Spielberg or spill words
Communicate from the Earth throughout the universe
I transmit, transcripts, transcontinental lyrics
Deeply rooted in your spirit
Up, I love the power of words, nouns and verbs
The pen and the sword, liquid stick on award
No folklore or myths in my penmanship
The Panther Scholar Warriors is what I present, uh
Verbally decapitating those against a
Jihad-fee-sabeel-illah words make sense
You gots to get up on your vocab, you gots to have vocab
Letters makes words, and sentences makes paragraphs

[Akil]

Yo, I make the pen capsize, the verbal with the planted eyes
Planning knives ever pair that I utilize
Spit juice, crack blood from your tooth
Inflict truths, speak Allah's 99 attributes

[Charlie 2na]

You baby MC's drink Pedialyte
While underground doesn't like you, the media might
But we the elite will change that
As we bridge gaps in this lyrical grudge match, brothers we slug back

[Mark 7even]

Yeah, we bless tracks with the help of a raw rap
Inprinted like poor tracks all over your brain rack
My mental maneuver will clear and steer right through ya

We Grand like Puba, understand that we move ya

[Zaakir]

Ayo, my rhythm reveal rollercoaster real deal

Revolutionize with active build

I plant my dreams in the field and wait to harvest my skills

For the starving MC, hungry trying to get a meal

[Jurrasic 5 Together]

Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol

Your mind, body, and soul

For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode

Big, bad, and bold b-boys of old

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Contact"

Two excavations revealed a prehistoric fossil story about a band
Moving South
Carried here over 500,000 years ago
Contact
A planet
Yeah
I'm in range
Okay, engine stop
I'm going to step off the LEM now
Interplanetary contact with Earth
Two excavations revealed a prehistoric fossil story about a band
500,000 years ago
Moving South
To the Los Angeles underground
Stop
Send the word
Rapping with the gods
Word
Full contact
Interplanetary contact with Earth
Move forward
To the future
The year 1999
The place: Los Angeles
Los Angeles is what's happening
Los Angeles is what's happening

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Lausd"

[Jurassic 5]

Yo, we are no superstars
Who wanna be large and forget who we are
Don't judge us by bank accounts and big cars
No matter how bright we shine we're far from being stars
Cause stars fall, and disintigrate before they hit the
Asfalt, they incinerate cause we came
Not to destroy the law but to fulfill
For those who appreciate those with skills
And fresh windmills, and graf that kills
What is a DJ without the scratch to build?
Without the elements, it's all irrelevant
Niggas love to Freestyle but hate the Fellowship

[Zaakir]

Yeah, taste the city's agenda, most of you outta town niggas
Get caught up and turn bitter, the city of bullshitters
Where hopes are blown, not even money for the phone
Now tell me what's the solution, how to get back home?

[Charli 2na]

Yo, don't get caught up in glamor and glitz and camera tricks
The Land of the Dead, before you come examine your set
Where drama collects and women use special effects
Where amateur stunts can make a nigga damage your fronts

[Akil]

Uh, the California Sunkist with a twist of limelight
Some set trip on the Sunset Strip
Belive the Hide Boulevard nice, the glamorous life
Many searching for the fame but can't afford the price

[Marc 7even]

She would turn you out if you wasn't prepared
She would tell you the things you wanted to hear
She would blur your vision when it once was clear
This chick is full of tricks so approach with fear, cause

[Jurassic 5]

Yo, we are no superstars
Who wanna be large and forget who we are
Don't judge us by bank accounts and big cars
No matter how bright we shine we're far from being stars

[Zaakir]

You say you love LA, you say the weather is great
Plenty sun in your face, you like the cars with bass
You like the way we paperchase and the women that shake
In the land of earthquakes and high crime rates
A lot of people is fake, this is Hollywood
We shape the minds of kids in every hood
We make your past situation look good
The nights filled with Shugs and I wish you would

[Marc 7even]

Can dance with Alvin Haley and Les Miserables
In this century city, you can walk on the stars
Sex, money, and murder, yeah it's all 4 to 5
Cause fame and passerby with the name immortalized

[Akil]

On the avenue of stars, many names are called
On the boulevard, known for leaving permanent scars
Many dreams get robbed, real movie macabre
Young heartthrobs get young heart sobs, cause

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen welcome to Hollywood, California"

[Charli 2na]

The city of angel's wings represents people's hopes and dreams
And the evil that men do that live life close to kings
And boast supreme, fancy cars, coats, and cream
Material things provoke more folks to scheme
Whether you paid your cost, Cali green made your call
The smog covers the city like a table cloth
Is it fame at fault? Entertainers labeled soft
The place where people come to lose their train of thought

[Zaakir]

Despite the claims of what LA is and what it ain't
The picture the city paints that overexaggerates
Within the circus, if you're filling this service purpose
Some feel it ain't worth it, the city that's got you nervous
And make you injure, and get up out of here nigga
Cause LA never considered for those that need baby sitters
This is the hot bed for singles and newlyweds
Some looking for better gigs or fiending to make it big
It's the only place where stars are born
And we are the only ones that can't be worn
Out, by any place regardless of the cost
Cause brothers with big dreams, sometimes they get lost cause

[Jurassic 5]

Yo, we are no superstars
Who wanna be large and forget who we are
Don't judge us by bank accounts and big cars
No matter how bright we shine we're far from being stars
Cause stars fall, and disintigrate before they hit the
Asfalt, they incinerate cause we came
Not to destroy the law but to fulfill
For those who appreciate those with skills
And..., and...
What is a DJ without the *[scratching]*
Without the elements, it's all irrelevant
(I represent the real from the beginning to the end of it)

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"World Of Entertainment (W.O.E. Is Me)"

Well, here's a little something for my people in the house
I'm gonna tell you what my crew is all about
We like raw rhythm fusion, real rhyme producin'
songs for the world's men, women and children
Armed and equipped with much confidence
and this is how we're gonna make our living
Some are known for bein' biters
non-creative and wack rhyme-writers
Yo, they soup you up but can't rock the jam
known to the world as a one-hit band
Easy come, easy go, yo you had your turn
temporary niggas touchin' up your perm
You see a rapper is a kid that brags and acts big
A rhymers is a nigga that can handle his biz
Yo, A rapper is a kid that's tryin' to be the shit
An entertainer ain't tryin' cause he already is

[Chorus]

Welcome to the wonderful world of entertainment
where art imitate life and people get famous
Welcome to the world of showbiz arrangement
where lights, camera, action is the language

[repeat Chorus]

We was rockin a jam the other night
J5 was on the mic so the people was hype
Yo, we like to rock the party with adrenalin and passion
the crowd started screamin "Action Satisfaction"
Numark dropped the beat and the heat from the fire
We brought the energy and streetcar named desire

We was flippin, they was trippin, how we was old schoolin'
needle to the groove, hands in the air movin'
and we said to the crowd "This is the place to be,
whether you paid a fee or you got in free"

So when you step through the door, the music gets loud
Manuever through the crowd to get a better view now

[Chorus]

To be an MC, you got to be so fresh

to have style and finesse way above the rest
With the strong delivery, vocal chemistry
street poetry in tune with the beat
So if you think you got the skills come take a test
microphone check if you truly are blessed
If you can flow like water and can comprehend
you need longevity in this game to win
Now if you want to be the best you got to move and motivate
Watch the money that you make in the industry stakes

Cause some of these people ain't got no class
and some of these folks'll make you beat they ass
If you can believe then you can achieve
get the loot, live the dream, be on top of the scene
To keep the people in it, and accumulate fans
to be dope in the studio and slam at the jams, so

[Chorus]

Welcome party people, while we got your attention
There's a few things we'd like to mention
The name is Jurassic, but they call us J5
we rock bona fide fly rhymes fortified
We got 2 DJs controlling the beat and
vocal harmonies make it sound so sweet
We're the four horsemen, with words to caution
expressed and flipped in an orderly fashion
With the rhymin', designin' the music on time and
the fellas saying "ho" and the ladies losin' they mind and
the breakin', the scratchin', this thing called rappin'
the cultivated music that keeps your hands clappin'
The passion, reaction, the street satisfaction
Brothers using no tactics to make it happen
the rhythm, the spirit, you love it when you hear it
Nowadays when you're samplin' shit, you gotta clear it

[Chorus 1.75X]

[cut after "Welcome to the world of showbiz arrangement, where.."]
[samples: "lights" - "camera" - "action!"]

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Monkey Bars"

This record is particulary for then youngsters...
Now you get right to the procedure

Now what do you like the most about this
Conflict, Consequence, constant evidence
A classic contact communicator confrence
Weither 5 or 6 weither a number misprint
Or if it seems that, you heard above 4
If you thought that you would never hear it no more
You should never dial commin runnin murda mile
Cause it's all about ya health (lets go)
(wait wait)
Now you know us but it's not the coke rush
Four MC's so we ain't the furious
Like the fourth mc's or the 3 from trecherous
It's a blast from the past from the moment we bust
But if our shit go rough, still in god we trust
Cause it's the - comming
Display the rhymes so stunning
We keep ya runnin, and give a shoutout to the london
And keep it all, and still perform till the early morn'
Some said till dawn
We got a word abundance, hold benz by the hundreds
Top speed, guarenteed, we stil runnin

People master my tere-tactics
Why you actin plastic
Treatin all ya fans like ya matches
We be the other pair comin' in tight the tupper wear
Other fear, push ya luck and beware the brigadier

Yo, DJs be spinnin the records that make up the music
So people can focus whenever the mic has been passed to me

The more drums we have in our kit, the more we can handle
We gonna take a break here..

Lets go. wait wait still

Jump a bill A-K-I-L known to exhale when i inhale
And you can tell when in the coo i do my duty-o
And swung to the studio
J-5 let the beat bounce

Thats what counts without a doubt
so sup grab the mic and pull the magic out ya mouth
We be the rythem kings, plus the rhyme channelings
(I could sneer anything) Go ahead

Sneer [repeated 21 times]

Light emcee kay mastered fatness so we crack this
Runnin through wall and wack this
Yo, 2 emcees add a little um, spice
So we concentrate on mic's and keep the path tight
3 emcees underground and worldwide
Surgean general on the 5 to defy the certified
4 emcees at ya door once more
When it rains in pours from the heavens to the earths floor
Elements, vocal instruments super extra strength
Hip-hop activist
Throw yo mind no time and inner twine
Roll with the rhymes ta let the sun rise
You should know, when we flow, you get what ya lookin for
Terrorize ya enterprise
And we dont shoot until we see the whites in ya eyes

Non-stop, real rhyme rockin
Disc jockeys out record shoppin'
Writers doin graphs so bring ya pop lockin'
We incorporate the whole of hip hoppin', non-stop

Non-stop, we keep it up to par
from the metal monkey bars to conquer school yards
It's like bein arabic, comin from right to left
It's hot to def so take a breath and (wait wait)

[Applause + Laughter]

Ya. Get the fuck, this fo entertainment
This made to stoppin the day
Pop pop pop...

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Jurass Finish First"

[Charli 2na]

Yo, because of cash in the purse, guns blast in the hearse
A vast universe when the last is the first
The past been a curse, I need some aspirin to nurse
It's your casket in earth, or my ass when it hurts
A passionate burst of some last-minute work
First the human bodies are living last in this Earth
Puffing grass when it works, a bastard at birth
But at last planet Earth, 5 Jurass finish first
(Stashed in this verse) Burning like gas on a torch
(Graspin' a thought) Some don't see past their front porch
(Masked in a smirk) No doubt my class been alert
Verbal splash for your thirst, 5 Jurass finish first

[Marc 7even]

Yo, because of crooks in the game no one's acting the same
Not mentioning no names, merely passing the blame
Your ass been in flames since the cash went ka-chang
Now you can't stand the rain when my crew bring the pain
You a masculine myth who I constantly diss
As I bond with the Fish, understand we the 5th
Platoon, hit the dirt, wish you well, wish you worse
Your ass been cursed, 5 Jurass finish first

Bringing it back from the lost, we have to report
The trash on the chart make you have to resort
To leave the record store instead of quenching your thirst
But at last planet Earth, 5 Jurass finish first

[Charli 2na]

Yo, because of passing the course wife asking divorce
Taking half of your cash, now you bask in remorse
Turning rap into sport, I've mastered the part
Cause the trash on the chart leave you gaspin for art
Now if you've mastered the art, I'm askin with force
To mass of your thoughts, to your ass is a corpse
Cover grass in a burst, unfasten your purse
Give your cash to the clerk, 5 Jurass finish first

[Marc 7even]

Yeah, cause of tricks of the trade, some are virtual slaves
A smirk will get raised once the pen hits the page
While your thoughts of the stage and perhaps getting paid

Relax in the shade, time passing in days
I'm searching for ways to avoid the charade
Cause when voices are laid, choices are made
Be not afraid, people plastic on Earth
Verbal blast bout to burst, 5 Jurass finish first

5 Jurass finish first [Repeat 2x]

[Charlie 2na]

Yo, because of passing the torch, puffing pipes with a bouche
You a hype living loose with your life in the noose
You invite many fools when you ligt chemicals
Night of the living ooze, your ego makes many bruise

[Marc 7even]

You need to watch what you choose, what you give is what you get
Some are lacking intellect in their quest for a check
Is it love or respect, does the subject get you vexed?
Only 4 bars to wreck, the situation is complex

[Charlie 2na]

Yo, you in constant pursuit to be the last in the house
(Where's your wallet?) With the wife, deep stashed in her blouse

[Mark 7even]

Like "Without a Doubt" you can catch me on the B-side
Cause the one who wins the war...

[Charlie 2na]

...is the one without pride
J5 make you feel a lickle gaseous at first
[Martin Lawrence] And yes I make you ask "Is that Lurch?"
Either try this or lyrical madness that works
Give your cash to the clerk, 5 Jurass finish first

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Contribution"

[chorus]

yo, either you a part of the problem
or part of the solution
what's your contribution to life
so many people complain, always talk about change yo
but what's your contribution to life
either you with or ain't with it, if it ain't broke don't fix it
yo what's your contribution to life
either you give or you take, make moves and you wait yo
but what's your contribution to life

(your about to witness three of the most common
tales of man, woman and human, the difference between the three
is that there is not difference, just other outcomes
listen and witness the common tales)

aye yo my momma and a nigga for life
love carousel, cuss yell and fight
seven nights a week, no respect when they speak
disrespect between the sheets, the ends don't meet
no rice beans or meat
my momma was the bread winner plus
she had to cook his dinner
my daddy was a full time sinner
poppa was a stoner stay gone till November
off of that, gawk that made Emacs
like the devil done took his soul and ain't given it back
remember that, when you play for the bless
speedy victory for the poor and the press
I cant stand the stress, its test and time press
up against my momma and daddy chest, I try and rest
with no stretch of the mind, I cant find no piece
of mind within this family of mine, yo

[marc 7even]

she got chips and you don't, that's bottom line
that's just the way love goes, (hmmm) lets rewind
you really ain't paid, you clockin minimum wage
now basically you a slave, your wife studies for days
no money for much, just movies and such
the way your two hands clutch, you know its love not lust
now she's sick of the bus, and using you as a crutch
and on top of this stuff, she graduates in a month

damn, her new job got her clocking the dough
now she's buying new clothes, and taken you to the show
you feeling like you the ho, not knowing which way to go
and ultimately you know, you ain't feeling her so
you need to get up, get out and get something
your job ain't nothing, all these years you've just been frontin
thats the way she played ya, the talked in rager went back
to your days of...*[chali 2na voices over marc 7even]*

[chali 2na]

she always said I'm out husslin for food, kitchen indeed
while this nigga spend his ends on booze, bitches and weed
I thought that we'd agree, with two kids to feed
that you would slow your own, but instead of switchin your seed
you slapped me, you cant attack me thinkin I'm be happy
in fact its a packing and we rapidly
after we witness, no love between parents
the father type that was once on the sence vanished
supreme bamish the couples that match these
producin generations of kids with latched keys
her daughter learned from momma
how to reject men, her sons attracts women
that don't respect men, and then
one parental provided can be the plan
but no woman can truly teach a boy to be a man
that's why I'm always telling these many pals of mine
the most that you can spend on any child is time

(look we don't have all the answers, we're victims also
to the same situations, but man, plans and the lord plans
and the lord is the best of planners,
so what's your contribution to life)

[chorus]

what's your contribution to life

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Twelve"

One, two, Jurassic Crew
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for, ahh

One, two, Jurassic Crew
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for

[Akil]

Yo, my pleasure principle from the streets of South Central
Ghetto hip-hop, nonstop fundamental
Urban curb servin', vocabulary surging
Rebel with the turban and the street corner sermon
I keep it working for certain, close curtains
Renegade bought up a troop when I'm dispersing
That body rock moving, ghetto baby music
We eat together with the inner city coolness

[Chali 2na]

Yo (Who's this?) Slicing a rhyme in square bits
Burning through open skin like newly prepared grits
It's 2na Fish, I'm bringing the bad news
And changing your bathroom if you thinking that cash rules
Oooh, pumpernickle blow words like snot speckles
When shots echo, some duck and hide like Doc Jeckyl
Like Don Rickles, I'm kicking rhymes that stop heckles
Correcting all them bumbaclot specials

[Zaakir]

Yeah, I got my mind on my money for those that comprehend
And my money on whatever I think I look fresh in
Questions, is he stepping authentic?
Controller of the panic, break a senate lieutenant
Spit it, yo, despite your critic comments
Knowing it ain't a hotter verse than Zaakir Mohammed
Whether last or first, or bottom or top
Now is it "Stop hip-hop" or "Hip-hop don't stop?"

[Marc 7even]

You need to protect your neck
You the kind of brother who be chasing checks

Me and my crew crash through and get nuff respect
Basic bet takers I'm beyond your average thinker
Break and MC down, like my name was Dr. Shriner
Passion fake MC's, wearing mink MC's
On-the-brink MC's, you need to think MC's
Bout to sink MC's, don't even speak MC's
Cause half the shit you kicking sounding weak MC's

Yo, it goes one, two, Jurassic Crew
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for, ahh

One, two, Jurassic Crew
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for

[Zaakir]
I razor sharp with mindset, sunset til sun
And I admit, I used to bite people's shit when I was young
Back in 83rd, before my style was preferred
Now my connectionw with the word is preferred
Primo, my AC, 310
The first confidential, inscribed my initial
The Z double A K-I and R
Submerge in submarine words near and far
Cause I'm too hot to handle, too cold to freeze
And I'm a diss any nigga that sounds like me

[Akil]
Yo yo, breeze through the trees, feel the flavor at ease
Degrees of melodies, typewriter MC's
They on their Q's and P's withing my vicinity
Department of Correctional Rhyme Ability
Keep the biters on lock, rock no silk
Still shock, rhyme around the clock

[Marc 7even]
You schmucks is out of luck, I'm ready to run amuck

[Akil]
Ayo I'm lampin, I'm lampin, I'm cold stone lampin
High pitch, beat drumsticks like Lionel Hampton
The champion, fly shit, the anthem
5'11" with dark skin and tantrum
Handsome never, not even as a kid
The girls used to say "Oh his nose is too big"

[Chali 2na]

Yo, you'll get bruised, kid, ghetto blues, you'll never refuse shit
The show's good, pinching MC's like rosewood
I'm shrinking you rap characters into die-cast minitures
I'll blast ten of you while my rhymes harass senators
Through TV monitors, brains and glass dinner jaws
Verbal vinegar for you biters down at the salad bar
The combat that's making your mom mad
I'm feeling a congrat for burning his mom bad

One, two, Jurassic Crew
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for, ahhh

One, two, Jurassic Crew
What we bout to do, brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"The Game"

All right, everybody shut up
I said shut up!
Now are you ready to play the game?
NO!
Are you ready to play the game?
YEAH!

The Game
Playing to survive
Aiming to win anyway they can

Yo, yo
Pass the ball, final casting call
First of all, verbal basketball
Off the glass, smash your jaw
Too fast for y'all
You might take a nasty fall
Trying to stick with the prehistoric passenger
(Foul Ball)
All breath, no physical contact
Bounce back, demonstrate invincible bomb raps
Not no hustler no player or speakin no crime crap
I'm vocally trying to score before my time lapse

Uh! Full court press, hands in your chest
Runnin' cause I'm a rebel with the ghetto
No fouls just checks, make a brother sweat
Word for y'all to earn my reject
Get it out of here, attack from the rear
Ya'll niggas aint nothin but some bitch ass queers
I'll be in your ear, increase the fear
Rippin with the shears as the crowd just cheers

Bring on the opposition
Cause my position is to shut you down
As the basketball pounds on the concrete floor
Envisioning moves to freak brothers every which way
Dominating like Doc J.
Pass me the rock, I know just what to do with it
It's real vivid, I pivot, through the lane
Three hundred and sixty behind my back
I take your monkey ass to the rack like Jerry Stack

I'm saw by most recruiters and heavily recommended
Stickin your best shooters they lower verbal percentage
It's takin its toll, 24-second clock control
Stoppin this obstacle, impossible
I was the number one block project in the city prospect,
Now that's something that you can believe
So be it, whether pro or collegiate, the hit but don't miss
Prime time the offense, switch

Y'all can't ball, Y'all can't ball
Yo ref, where's the tech? Man, make the call
The game is gettin tight verbal victories in sight
What counts is what you write not concerned about the hype
My rhymes go baseline so why you tryin to take mine?
Last man tried just died inside the paint line
I bank rhymes, got a call so I flex
I'm on the foul line with a few verses left
When my flow hits the net, the next brother flex

I put my foot in the pavement
With the brothers I'm raised with
Play with and break dance back in the days with
And still in the game with 12 points, 4 assists
Get up in the game, in your face like swish
Crash the boards with metaphors
In the air like a concord
Aiyyo what you out for?
Yo I'm out for the whole score
22 flat seconds for me to win
I can't win for losin with this cheatin ass ref

[Clip from Laker game]

My squad's supreme
So I don't need Clyde or the dream
Next time you play the game boy pick a better team
Your choice is short when you on a concrete court
But my mental cohorts is bout to change the whole sport
Give me the pill boy, crossover with the skills
Wrap around pass, fly right past your grill
Take off from half court, in some J5 shorts
The rap band with the man when my words play sports
Comin' through your lane, with pure skills so stand clear
Vocal charge is a mirage, I still stand here
Damn near, make your shit look soft like Pam Grier
Fans cheer for the paragraph Bill Lambier

Show me the rock, so I can show these fool what I got
(He's heating up) Fuck that, I'm flaming hot

Verbally take you to the blacktop, and wreck shop

Turn my game up a notch, pass me the rock

1 on 1, 3 on 3, 5 on 5, horse, 21

It really don't matter cause son you'll still get done

Yo you should know better than try to barter with this globetrotter

Militious, vicious dunks, I'm Vince Carter

And it's the high draft pick, flashin it

Still can penetrate and slightly overweight

But whatever it takes my shot can elevate

No pain, no gain for the brothers with no game

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Concrete and Clay"

Now I'mma say this once again open up your mind
Shot heard around the world came from our fresh rhymes
The contribution to showbiz, mixed with entertainment
Resurrected rhymes, not the same old same
Now if you like what we came with
And you feel you can sang wit it
Peep the verbal language and the way we arranged it
Now entertainment to make the people applaud
I'm not trying to say my style is better than yours

I'm from the graduating class of one-nine-eight-eight
L.A. Unified School M A H
A gangbanger from the streets taught me how to break
In South Central L.A., ay yo, can you relate?

I'm Chali 2na
The one who puff the buddha keep the Snapple in the cooler
Used to go to junior high with Son Doola
Old skoola - a permanent, element, in ya tournament
Tellin it prevalent never delicate when we burnin it

Now from L.A. to the U.K. we attempt to rock a party
The rhyme and the music you don't hear that no more hardly
I can say it's partly, all our faults smarty
J5'll bring you more than the shakin of a body

Ay yo a child is born but no state of mind
But when I first heard it, put words to rhymes
I went from hypercars, to powder blue All-Stars
To hangin on monkey bars catchin spiders in jelly jars

[Hook: repeat 2X]
So uh, let's take it back to the concrete streets
Original beats with real live MC's
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-a-hat tricks
Just that classic, rappin from Jurassic

I bring the noise plus the funk, entertainin like a dunk
From a snotty-nosed prima donna millionaire punk
But uh, I heard a hunch, that somebody might munch
Cause J5 go together just like parties and spiked punch
Your crew's captain crunch, and I'm the seven seas
Bombin on MC's, crushin crews with ease

Brother please you know my steez is 100 degrees
With no era bring it live like the Trio of Terror

Trio of Terror no mascara, at last your brass surpass pleasure
We the last treasure set to entice the cash bearer
Mask wearers who bite my reflection like glass mirrors
Be trash pickers who need to consider the past clearer

Now what you thought was old and out of date
We brought it back alive and changed the shape
We put it on wax for those who think that
The 5 we energize has been extinct

[Hook]

So uh, let's take it back to the concrete streets
Original beats with real live MC's
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-a-hat tricks
Just that classic, rappin from Jurassic

We takin it back like battles in hallways and bathrooms
And battles in the back of the classroom
And in the bungalows game of death with flows
Lunchtime rhymes you had to prove and show

Never the school type, couldn't pronounce the words right
The class jester, I was flunkin every semester
The summer hit, had it burnin in '86
Class cuttin and runnin wit all the neighborhood derelicts

Within the concrete jungle [huh!] we remain humble
Akil and Akir, bounce, flip and tumble
Uh, we never fumble, break down or stumble
Hot mumbo jumbo, just bring it when we rumble

We push it like the Daytona
Fresh rhymes we blaze on yas
Strictly from California old skool public diplomas
We spittin from every corner we flippin it when we wanna
Beneath the concrete be street word on ya

[Hook]

So uh, let's take it back to the concrete streets
Original beats with real live MC's
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-a-hat tricks
Just that classic, rappin from Jurassic

Jurassic 5 Lyrics

"Swing Set"

So Hot! So.. Hot!

This is the sound of the 30's!

1..2..1, 2, 3, 4.

Gather round all you ruggytutters, 'cause we're going to show you what Swing is all about!

Oh yeah?

Yeah!

Yeah?

Yeah!

These great sounds should not be left to gather dust. You might dig out that old 78.

Doodeedoot n' doodeetdoot n' doodeedoot n' ah ha ha ha!

Hi Ex-Swinger, don't be a wimpy, go way out!

Do you wanna dance?!

Yeah!

Swing.

All hands on deck!

Love that! Yeah! Oooh!

Ok everybody on the swings.

Ahhhh-- Ooh!

The sound of the Swing era.. kind of scratchy after all these years. If only it sounded like this...

[Bebopin' & Scattin']

What you probably remember was more like this..

Ooh ooh ooh ooh.. Bada da da daaaaa!

So Hot!

..Aaand will fill me up!

Woooh yeah! Swing time in the ol' corral.